

## A Raid in City 18

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Summary: Two accomplices fight to survive within the harsh streets of the combine-controlled City 18

### A Raid in City 18

Day never seemed to break in City 18, but people barely questioned it any more, why the sun never rose and one more filled it's streets with it's warm morning glow. Me and my fellow organisation member, Darth Rectum Ripper where crouching outside of the back door to the bakery, a common target for raids.

"Go on Darth, start picking it" I whispered into the radio.

He pulled out his lock-pick and started to pick the door, the tell-tail sound that the police of City 18 had grown accustomed to hearing all over the slums started emulating from the door's lock.

"20 seconds" whispered Darth as I pulled out my Galil assault rifle and aimed down it's sights.

The 20 seconds seemed endless as the clicking sound went on and on. Eventually the sound stopped and the door swung open with an ominous clang.

"Damn it" I exclaimed as the opening door gave way to a space covered by a sheet of fencing.

Darth confirmed my frustration by cursing. "Damn, it's a Kill-box".

We where prepared for this eventuality, Darth and I both plunged our hands into our pockets and each pulled out an identical syringe filled with a green liquid.

"Ready? 3, 2, 1, go!" We both plunged the syringes into our arms and

immediately the feeling of immortality began the course through out blood, we advanced into the small gap as I pulled out my keypad cracker, located the keypad and began cracking it. Again what felt like an eternity of time passed as the beep-beep sound echoed throughout the slums. There was rifle fire hitting me and Darth but none of the bullets affected us. Eventually the second door opened and Darth and I rushed in, overpowering the gun dealer with a hail of rifle bullets from our Galils.

We shot up another syringe each and expolored the building, we found 3 shipments and a couple of money printers in total. We pocketed the shipments and destroyed the printers with a few bursts of our Galils. "good raid!" I said as I felt the life drain out of me, "See you back at base" said Darth, just as I felt the last bit of life go out of me and we both collapsed to the floor, quite dead.

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